



# My Lady, Queen



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## Chapter 1 by Kallaway Haystings

Watch your step, tread careful. The way is treacherous and dark. Shadows live there and feast. Your Soul is in danger. Light may be deceitful, and beauty is fleeting.

But keep to this truth...

Trust know one.

Own no man.

And never, ever, give your heart away.

## Chapter 2 by Reah



The path splits in two up ahead.

One path is light and seems as though nothing but good could possibly be that way.

The other is dark and seems to emit an angry hum, but you feel as though this is the way you are supposed to go.

Suddenly you hear a man calling your name from the light path, the voice sounds vaguely familiar and alluring but you can't quite place it.

Which path do you take?

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Be careful as you choose!

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Chapter 3 by Coraline Castell



You decide to check the compass you carry in your pocket before settling with any of the two paths ahead.

*l'enfer c'est les autres*

The saying inscribed on the back of your compass distracts you for a moment, before you realized the needle is going crazy inside the glass carcass.

A bad omen?

You fumble for a match and light up your torch. You take a deep breath and decide to go with your gut. The dark path to your left reminds you of the adventures you used to go on as a kid. You miss the days you used to risk your neck for fun.

Shaking your head, you walk slowly to the uncertainly dark destination ahead. You hum a song to keep your fears away.

What song do you hum?

#### Chapter 4 by CallMeFuzzy



Without realizing it, you have begun to hum your favorite childhood song: London Bridge is Falling Down

The song does little to relieve your worries and only multiplies your fears. Each eerie note echoes off the trees that form a barrier so dense it creates a wall on either side of the path.

The height of this wall slowly diminishes as you walk until it abruptly stops and levels out at only a couple inches above your head. Upon closer inspection, you realize that the new barrier is made not of trees but of bushes and they are neatly trimmed and well kept.

You continue along the path for a time until the path diverges into three separate ways. You lean toward for a closer look. By the dim light of your torch, you see that the paths to your right

and in front of you each come to a dead end not far from the entrance. The path to your left is blocked by a little boy in an exponential growth of fear. You want to run but the path behind you has changed and is now a

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The boy speaks quickly and in a thick accent.

"Ah. I see you've found my manor. I do adore guests, but I'm afraid I simply wasn't expecting you."

He pulls an old fashioned pocket watch out of his coat, glances at it, and then shoves it back in with a sigh.

"Well, I suppose I could at least make you some tea before master comes back. "

### Chapter 5 by shad0scrib3



The boy leads the way down the only path now visible. In fact, you forget there was any other path to begin with. You are no longer holding a torch. It has become a lantern and you are dressed in fine garments. The boy turns around and meets your eyes.

He asks, "My Master. Might I fetch you a tea?"

"Yes, boy" you answer.

"Will you be wanting a poison tea or a cure tea?"

You look at your compass and it's still spinning uncontrollably. A cold sweat throws you into a paralyzing fear. A poison or a cure? You look at the boy and ask for his name.

"I am Conscious." He responds.

"And I am not," you admit with uncertainty.

"Would you like to be?" asks the boy.

"Yes"

"Then I recommend the poison." says the boy.

He gives you the drink and you take a sip. At first nothing happens. Then you begin to feel it.

Death is knocking

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Chapter 6 by Queenie

You double over and begin to cough. The boy is still there, his hand on your shoulder, his face pale.

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The boy watches you, a grim smile carved on his face. You wildly think he looks like a jacko'lantern.

Pain resembling fire rips at your insides. You cough up blood after you finish upchucking your dinner. You drop the lantern and fall to your knees, clutching your stomach and crying out between the bloody coughs.

Slowly however, the raging fire calms into something softer, less harsh and painful. You take very deep breaths, and soon the pain and poison is gone.

The boy helps you up and lets you lean on him as he begins to lead you to two small, identical cottages.

"Master, you must pick one." The boy urges quietly.

"W-..." you take a deep, gasping breath "w-which one?"

The boy shakes his head sadly "I'm sorry Master, I cannot help you this time."

You sigh and begin thinking on which cottage wouldn't prematurely end your life.

**Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8** (1 draft)

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